VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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Poetry.

Lament of the Widowed Inebriate.

BY DUGANNE.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary,—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—or guile;
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone,
Was nestled close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight:—
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,—
And loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came:—
O the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the temper lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad;
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy prodigy laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still londly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup made me wild;
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'T was a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee, wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door:
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I shall never see them more!

Then't resting in the church-yard, now,
And no stone is at thy head!
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;—
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch that brought thy gentle life
To its timely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of my love,
I seem to see thy angel eyes,
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;—
But a pale and sorrowing face look'd out,
From the glittering cup to me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee!

Then art slumbering in the peaceful grave
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief,
Is on thy mourner's brow,
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!

The Indian's Song.

"Land where the bright waters flow,
Land where the loveliest forest grow,
Where the warrior drew his bow,—
Native land farewell!

He who made yon stream and tree,
Made the white and red man free,
Gave the Indian's home to be
'Mid the forest wilds.

Have the waters ceased to flow?
Have the forests ceased to grow?
Why do our fathers bid us go
From our native homes?

Here in infancy we played,
Here our happy wigwams made;
Here our brothers' graves are laid—
Must we leave them all?

White men tell us God is high,—
Pure and just in yonder sky,—
Will not then his searching eye
See the Indian's wrong?"

SELECTED TALES.

FRIENDSHIP OF A PANTHER.

OR, A SOLDIER IN THE DESERT.

During the enterprising expedition into Upper Egypt, by General Desaix, a provincial soldier fell into the hands of a tribe of Arabs called Maugrebins, and was by them carried into the desert beyond the cataract of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrebins made a forced march, and did not stop till night closed in. They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape, they contented themselves with merely binding his hands, and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all of them slept soundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact, he began to gnaw the cords that bound him, and soon regained the liberty of his hands. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates and a little bag of dry grain, and armed with a scimetar, started off in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged the already wearied horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and left his rider alone in the midst of the desert.—For a long time the Frenchman walked on with the perseverance of a runaway slave, but he was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart at a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept without taking any precaution for his defence.

He was awakened by the pittiless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor. In his weariness he had reposed on the side opposite to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand sparkling and dancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and heavens seemed on fire—they met at the horizon in a line of light, as fine and glittering as the edge of a sword. There was a mild and awful majesty in the universal stillness!—God, in all his infinity, seemed present to the soul!

The desolate wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native province, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm as if it had been a living friend. He shouted to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wide wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance: but no echo was awakend. The echo was in his heart!

With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side, a sort of natural grotto formed by a pile of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palm woods furnished him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination, or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon, for Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy.

He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some of the palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto against the wild beasts, which would probably come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palms. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortification during the day. Towards evening the mighty tree he had been cutting, fell to the ground with a crash that resounded through the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

The soldier trembled as if there had been a supernatural voice in the air. But like an heir who soon ceases to mourn over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fatigued by his exertions and the extreme warmth of the climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listened—and amid the deep silence he heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The sound fell upon his heart like ice. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught the glimpse of two fiery yellow lights at a distance from him; he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze, but as the rays of the moon entered the chinks of the cave, he distinctly saw an enormous animal laying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was; it might be a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile; but the odor that filled the cave left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so high as to shine directly upon the opening of the grotto, its beams lighted up the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther! This lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws, with the comfortable dignity of a house dog. Her eyes, which had opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned to the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head; but he saw that there was not room enough for that, the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement lest he should awake her, nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the beating of her heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimetar, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard, rough skin, made him relinquish his project. To attempt her destruction, and fail in the attempt, would be certain death. At all events he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

"She has eaten lately," said the Frenchman to himself. "She will not awaken in hunger."

She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was a dazzling whiteness; a circle of thick dark spots like velvet, formed pretty bracelets round her paws—her large muscular tail was beautifully white, terminated by black rings, and the soft smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like unwrought gold, richly shaded with dar brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful but tranquil hostess reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head stretched on nervous outstretched paws, from which her long white smellers spread out like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors, that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe, but alone and in her power, it was a very different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rising with increasing danger; but it was sinking now.

The cold sweat poured from his forehead, as he saw the sleeping panther. Considering himself dead, he waited as courageously as he could. When the sun rose the panther suddenly opened her eyes—stretched out her paws and gasped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard and as rough as a file. She then shook herself, and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears like a kitten.—"Very well done," thought the soldier, who felt his gaity and courage returning, "she does her toilette very handsomely." He seized a little dagger which he had taken from of the Arabs—"Come, let us wish each other good morning," thought he. At this moment the panther turned towards him suddenly, and fixed a surprised and and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes and their bright and almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble, especially when the mighty beast moved towards him. With great boldness and presence of mind, he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be obtained over animals in that way. When she came up to him he gently scratched her head, and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened, she began to wag her tail, and at last, she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy, that they resounded through the cave like a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out; but she soon came bounding after him, lifting up her back and rubbing against his legs, like an affectionate kitten. "She requires great deal of attention," said the Frenchman, smiling. He tried to feel her ears and throat; and perceiving she was pleased with it, he begad to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her; but the hardness of the bones made him tremble lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful Sultana of the Desert seemed to tempt the courage of her prisoner by raising her head, stretching out her neck and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that to kill her with one blow he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose—but at that moment she crouched down gently at his feet, looking up at his face with a strange mixture of affection and native fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaning against the tree eating some dates and casting his eye anxiously around the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with some nuts and dates, but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible of his kind intentions, she licked his shoes and purred.

"Will she be so when she gets hungry?" thought the Frenchman. The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high and four feet long, without including her tail, which was nearly three feet more in length, and as round as a great cudgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the tiger reigned there; but there was likewise, something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman, in the gaiety and fondness of the present moment. She had her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him as a dog does his masters and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new companion. He laid himself by her in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck, and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, and rolled her over the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and while he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it into her throat, but was still held by the fear that the animal would tear him to pieces in her agony. Besides, he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert she seemed to him like a friend. His admiration of her beauty, gentleness, graceful activity, became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignone, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day, he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation, that he was almost in love with its existing perils. He had taught the panther her name. She looked upon his face when he called "Mignonne."

When the sun went down she uttered a dread and melancholy cry. "She is well educated," exclaimed the old soldier. "She has learned to say her evening prayers."

He rejoiced to see the panther stretch herself out in a drowsy attitude.

"That is right, my pretty little blonde," said he—"you had better go to sleep first."

He trusted to his own activity to escape during her slumber. He waited patiently, and when she seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously towards the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand, when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a long sharp cry.

"Of a truth," said he—her friendship is very flattering; it must be her first love." Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into one of those dangerous traps of loose sand, from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. The panther seized him by the collar, and with incredible strength brought him to the side of the ditch at a single bound.

"My dear Mignonne!" exclaimed the soldier, caressing her with enthusiasm, "our friendship's for life and death."

He retraced his steps. Now he had a creature that loved him, to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert was peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt he concluded to wait patiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke Mignonne was gone. He ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance clearing the desert with those long high bounds, peculiar to her species. She arrived with bloody jaws. When receiving his carresses, she purred aloud and fixed her eye upon him with even more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her neck, and talked to her as he would to a domestic animal—"Ah, ah, Miss! you have been eating some of the Maugrabins. Ain't you ashamed? Never mind—they are worse animals than you are. But please don't take a fancy to grind up a Frenchman. If you do, you won't have me to love you any more."

This singular animal was so fond of carresses and play, that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her she would put her paw in his lap to attract attention. Several days passed thus,

The panther was always successful in her excursion for food, and always returned full of affection and joy; she became used to all the inflections of the soldier's voice, and understood the expressions of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded, she showed no displeasure even when he held her by the tail to count the white and black rings, that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was a pleasure to look upon the graceful outlines of her form, the glassy smoothness of her neck and the majestic carriage of her head. She delighted him most when she was in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility as she glided swiftly along, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over, was truly suprising.—When she was darting up the rocky eminence at her swiftest speed, she would stop suddenly and beautifully as the Frenchman called "Mignonne."

One day a very large bird sailed through the air over their heads. In the desert any thing that has life is intensely interesting. The Frenchman quited the panther to watch the flight of the bird as he slowly and heavily fanned the air. In a few minutes the Sultana of the desert began to growl. "She is certainly jealous," thought the soldier as he looked at her fierce and glittering eyes. They gazed intelligibly at each other—and the proud coquette leaped as she felt his hand upon her head; her eyes flashed like lightning, and she shut them hard.

"The creature must have a soul," exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given me by the soldier himself, while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animal in the menagerie at Paris. "I do not know," continued the narrator, "what I had done to displease Mignonne so much—or whether the creature was merely in sport—but she turned and snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. She did it without violence—but thinking she was about to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her neck. The poor creature rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to revenge my blow, but looked mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers, who discovered my signal, found me some hours afterwards by the side of her dead body."

"Ah, well," said he after a mournful silence, "I have been in the wars of Germany, Spain, Prussia, and France; but I never have seen any thing that produced such sensations as the desert; oh, how beautiful it was!"

"What feelings did it excite?" asked I.

"Feelings that are not to be spoken," replied the soldier solemnly. "I do not always regret my cluster of palm trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance makes me sad; in the desert there is every thing and there is nothing."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I cannot tell," said he, impatiently; after a pause he added, "GOD IS THERE WITHOUT MAN."

A MELANCHOLY SCENE.—The county of Grafton, N. H., lately built a new goal and as there were no prisoners in the old one, there was considerable solicitude as to the first tenant that would be obtained for the one just built. The solicitude, as we learn from the New York Courier and Enquirer, was soon put at rest for the first prisoner was a member of the Senior Class in Dartmouth College, a young man of fine mind and personal appearance, one of the first scholars in his class and who a few days before was looking forward to the prospect of finishing his College course with honor this very month. This wretched young man with all these brilliant prospects before him, was committed for theft!—Thefts numerous, and of long continuance, and on an extensive scale! He had stolen some two hundred volumes of books from the College Library, watches, razors and various other articles, all of them disposed of it seems, for the purpose of gratifying his propensity for gaming. It is impossible to imagine a more sickening sight than a scene like this, or one more thoroughly calculated to humble our estimate of poor frail human nature itself. The father of the young reprobate appeared after a few days and gave bonds for the prisoner's appearance for trial, and he was let out of goal. The name of the culprit is not given.

THE LOWELL FACTORY GIRLS.—The Rev. Dr. Scoresby Vicar of Bradford, and formerly of Liverpool, has published a valuable and interesting work under the title of "American Factories and their Female Operatives: with an appeal on behalf of the British factory population and suggestions for improvement of their condition." The object of it is to bring before the female population of the manufacturing districts a knowledge of the high moral characters and of the intelligence of the young females employed in the manufactories at Lowell, and to form a society for the improvement of the same class in England.

From the Boston Transcript.

The Duty of Women.

The following extract from a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Thatcher, well points the proper sphere of women and the legitimate source of the influence of female character on society:

"Compare the condition and pursuits of the mass of men with those of women, and tell me on which side lies the inferiority. While the greater part of our sex are engaged in turning up the clods of the earth, fashioning the materials which are to supply the physical wants of our race, exchanging the products of industry of different countries, toiling amidst the perils of war and the tumults of politics—to you is committed the nobler task of moulding the infant mind; it is for you to give their character to succeeding ages; it is yours to control the stormy passions of man, to inspire him with those sentiments which subdue his ferocity, and make his heart gentle and soft; it is yours to open to him the truest and purest sources of happiness, and prompt him to the love of virtue and religion. A WIFE, A MOTHER! How sacred and venerable these names! What nobler objects can the most aspiring ambition propose to itself than to fulfil the duties which these relations imply! Instead of murmuring that your field of influence is so narrow, my friends, should you not rather tremble at the magnitude and sacredness of your responsibility? When you demand of man a higher education than has hitherto been given you, and claim to drink from the same wells of knowledge as himself, should it not be that you may be thus enabled, not to rush into that sphere which nature has marked for him, but to move more worthily and gracefully within your own."

The above is a beautiful and true passage, which we commend to the special attention of all young females of the rising generation, particularly to those composing two great classes of society at the present day, viz: the finely fashionables, who in the pursuit of their gay schemes of pleasure, and their love of admiration, forget that HOME should be the dearest place on earth, and that the duties of a daughter or a wife, and of a mother, are both high and holy—as well as to another and a different class who prate of *'women's rights,'* and talk of domestic love as of some insipid thing for which they would madly barter in order *'to do something for society'*—that is, to usurp the dominion of the other sex, and to gain renown perhaps in the senate of the Court House! And if it were not doing *anything* for society to be wives and mothers, and through the conjugal and maternal relation to exert an influence which reaches even to the stars!

The influence of a good woman in her *home* is indeed illimitable—it sustains morality on earth, and if properly exerted insures a blessed immortality hereafter. By it the child is guided from earth to heaven, and this so surely that we could almost wish to inscribe over the entrance of every house which forms within itself a 'home of the affections,' the beautiful motto SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

In the simple but earnest words of another 'how sacred a place is home, where every word is kindness, and every look affection! Where the ills and sorrows of life are borne by mutual effort and its pleasures are equally divided, and where each esteems the other more worthy. Where the holy emulation abounds to excel in offices of kindness and affectionate regard. Where the live long day, and the whole period of cheerful and unwearied effort to swell the tide of domestic comfort, and to overflow the heart with home born enjoyments. That home may be the humblest hovel on earth, yet there heart meets heart in all the fondness of a full affection, and wherever the spot is found, there is an exemplication of all that is lovely and of good report among men. It is a heaven begun below!

Without *affectation*, however, how changed is the aspect of the family household! And if we say that the nurture and continuance of this heaven born quality on the part of *the husband* is of immense importance to the happiness of the social state, we must not be understood as meaning to exact from one party more than from the other. *Man* makes the first professions of regard, and a true woman's world being literally one of the affections, she yields up to him all her wealth of love—a love that abates not whilst reciprocity continues on the other side, but which if disappointed, becomes like a canker to the heart. It is the very quintessence of sadness for a fond woman to realize the truth of the poet's words

"All that is hoped
My heart believed
And when most loving,
Was most deceived."

But, to turn from the dark side of the picture, and in connection with the above remarks, let us read a passage ready to our hand and contained in the Journal of Thursday: 'It is pleasant to see a couple who are united for life, desirous on all occasions of ministering to the happiness of each other. An observing writer says with much justice, that the man who tenderly loves his wife will have the great pleasure in lessening her care and heightening her enjoyment. The professions that he held out to engage her affections were all that language could express: his conduct that of the warmest attachment; can a woman when she feels an increased cause for that attachment, bear the sad reverse?

WORKINGMEN.

We heartily approve of the sentiments contained in the following extract from the Washington Constitution. We believe the farmers, mechanics, and other workingmen of our country have almost every where been treated with less respect than their merits deserve. If their claims are presented for any respectable or lucrative station, they are told to go to work; while some idle aristocrat, no more competent, and not half so deserving, is given the preference. This should not be; and we rejoice to see that public sentiment in various sections is manifesting itself in favor of a reform in this respect. We shall ever deem it our duty and privilege to advocate and defend the rights of the toiling millions who are the chief source of our country's wealth and power—in whose hands rest the future destinies of the nation.

We know that the organic principle of our government is one of social and political equality. Theoretically, we acknowledge the doctrine of equal rights, equal obligations, and exact justice to all—but in its practical workings, this principle of just equality is somehow or other most wofully violated. In the hour of peril to our country or to our party, we mainly depend for succor and success upon the faithfulness and efforts of the workingman. We invoke his aid—we rely upon his constancy—and by the strength of his arm, or the strength of his principles, we are saved. His labor cultivates the earth, his art fashions the most costly articles, and the most valuable products and their richest sources of the country are created by the toils of the workingman. Yet it too often happens, that in the hour of political victory, his services and his merits are alike forgotten, and the honors and the rewards of the government are but too frequently bestowed upon those who neither exerted their efforts nor risked their means to insure success. We do not hesitate to say that all the social virtues and the most enlarged patriotism pre-eminently dwell with those who cultivate the soil and work at the various mechanical trades. And we are sustained by high authority when we affirm that the aggregate wisdom of these classes is greater than the wisdom of the selfish and eschewing few, who usually assume to control and direct them. Whilst they exert themselves, then, for the maintenance and advancement of free principles—whilst they contribute their efforts and their means to strengthen and support our noble form of government, let them freely and equally participate in the rewards and the honors of the highest offices. All employments are alike honorable, when honorably pursued. Honesty, integrity, and ability constitute the true qualifications for office, and not the mere condition in life, or the peculiar employment or profession of the individual.—*New Haven Democrat.*

From the Alphadelphia Tocsin.

Knowledge among Females.

Some persons suppose the Female mind incapable of comprehending abstruce science, because there are so few females who have attained eminence; but this is a great mistake. Notwithstanding they have been excluded from the advantages thrown open to the other sex, there are a few, who, by their own exertions, ascended high in the temple of science, and one whose name is inscribed on the roll of fame among those of the most profound Philosophers that ever lived; and when means of acquiring knowledge shall have been thrown open to them, we shall see as many learned Ladies as men.

The first Lady that rose to eminence was Hyppatia, the daughter of Theon, the Mathematician, in ancient Rome, who rose to great eminence, and became the Tutoress of some of the most learned men of her age and country.

Maria Gœtena Agnesi, was actually professor of Mathematics in the University of Bologna, in 1749, and wrote the Analytical Institutes, a profound work on Algebra of great excellence; and a treatise on Curve lines, and the Differential Calculus, the best produced in that age on these most abstruse branches of profound analysis.

"Caroline, the sister of William Herschel, the great Astronomer who discovered the planet bearing his name, was the constant assistant of her brother, in his bright career of science.

A lecturer in Boston, recently stated that the best Mathematician now living in our country, is a young Lady—One of the best linguists, expert in the classics, and as eminent for her Metaphysical and Mathematical skill, is a lady in this country—As close a reasoner as we ever met with, is a Lady now living.—*St. Clairsville Gazette.*

But the prodigy of learning, who for varied attainments, in many branches, perhaps never equalled in any age or country, is Mrs. Somerville of Scotland. At the age of 15, she heard her brother demonstrate a proposition of Geometry which fired her genius; and when he returned from a tour in Europe, she had actually mastered that science, and was engaged in studying Newton's principia, which had not then been translated from the latin, and she had to learn that language also to read it. Mrs. Somerville is now about 50 years of age—is master of every modern Scientific language besides the latin. In the Science of Astronomy her name ranks with those of La Place of France and Bowditch of our own country, and her treatise on physical Astronomy is one of the best ever puplished.—She has several drawers filled with Diplomas from learned Societies in all parts of the world the voluntary gifts of the great and good of all enlightened countries—is an accomplished Scientific and practical Musician, a first rate Painter in Oils, a learned Chemist, and thorough Mineralogist and Botanist; and besides is the adored Mother of a numerous and happy family.

What a theme for reflection, admiration and eulogy! Let those upstarts in Science, who take pride in denouncing the female mind as inferior to their own, but have not yet learned what has been accomplished, by the gentle sex, remain forever silent, and shrink into their own native nothingness compared with this noble Lady, who stands proudly pre-eminent—a genius of unrivalled excellence the admiration of the learned world. H. R. S.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness, want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1845.

The Lowell Post Office.

It will be recollected that we stated in No. 1 of the Voice, that an arrangement had been made between its publishers and the late publishers of the "Operative" at Lowell, by which they conveyed to this paper their list of subscribers for that city. We accordingly sent to all names thus received with the request that all who felt indisposed to be considered subscribers, would return to our office the numbers addressed to their names.

We continued to send to the different subscribers in Lowell, under this arrangement until we received a note from J. Robbins, P. M., enclosing some thirty or forty names, whose papers remained in the office, requesting us to discontinue. We immediately took measures to notify all such individuals of the transfer between the "Operative" and the publishers of the Voice, by employing a young man to visit them *personally* and ascertain for a *certainty* their intentions to be considered subscribers or not, who despatched the labors with promptitude and faithfulness, and sent us the result.

After this, we had supposed the matter fairly settled, until some two weeks since, our table was again honored with another "official" document "*respectfully*" from J. Robbins, P. M., a portion of which reads as follows: "not one quarter part of your papers *are* or *will* not be taken from this office." We were at a loss to divine a reason for this remissness on the part of our Lowell friends, who, by their own consent, had become regular subscribers; until on visiting Lowell a few days since, the whole affair disclosed itself to us in a most shameful character, and we discovered the reason why the Lowell subscribers *did* nor *would* not take our papers from the office, to be simply because *they could not get them*, or if they succeeded, they must meet the scorn and insults of this fattened, ease-loving office aristocrat, who was put there, to do the people's business, but who considered it much beneath his lordship's dignity to wait upon the honest and industrious operatives of Lowell in a civil and decent manner, when they called for their papers. It seems, on investigation, that a strong effort has been made to stifle the circulation of the *Voice* in Lowell, and that when our subscribers, after the toil and fatigue of the day, have called for their papers, "as the law directs," they have been saluted with jeers and contempt from this *faithful public servant*, from whom they should receive manly courtesy, respect and attention. We expect much opposition from various sources to our independent, straight forward and fearless sheet; but we must confess that we were not prepared to hear of a so high-handed and flagrant breach of official trust, as has been perpetrated in this transaction to which we have alluded. Has it come to this, that a workingman's paper, devoted to their true interests, cannot pass through the Post Offices in this "our free land of toleration" without being clutched, shamefully delayed or denied by tools of mercenary aggrandizement, who are living upon the toil and products of the honest laborer, because they are opposed to the principles it inculcates, or to haughty or indolent to fulfil the duties connected with their office.

Let our Lowell friends recollect that the *Law* requires all papers to be sent through the mails, and strictly forbids *all* other modes of conveyance, and that all papers should go *free* from postage within thirty miles of the office of publication, and that all Post Masters are bound to treat them with respect and attention, when they call for their papers.

We suppose it seems rather *lowering* for rich office holders to permit papers which advocate universal industry and justice, which are striving to elevate the laboring classes to pass through their hands without the usual *fee*—but should there be any electioneering to be done for "*our party*," their time, office and efforts are freely sacrified—they can circulate *free*, party papers and speeches thoughout the length and breadth of the land; and this is all consistent, right and just; but now because two hundred or so of our papers go to the Lowell office according to law, we must be wronged, deceived and abused and our subscribers insulted, neglected and treated as vile intruders.

We learn that Mr. Robbins has been removed from the office which he has dishonored during his administration, by his one-sided and partial policy, and Stephen Seavey appointed his successor, who we trust, from the favorable report we hear of him, will discharge the duties of his office with fidelity, both honorable to himself and satisfactory to the public; therefore we hope no further complaint will reach us from our subscribers, relative to their Post Office wrongs.

We perceive that the *Sentinel* during our absence has taken breath—collected together his *original ideas*, and brought them all to bear with *great* weight and effect upon our "*wickedl and infidel*" character. The old bachelor is undoubtedly the sharpest shooter of the age; especially after some other person has *loaded his gun*; and we should recommend him to the editorial charge of the "*Satirist*," "*Scorpian*" or some paper of like character, where his abilities might find free and ample scope. Such *burning* satire, and *cutting* sarcasm should not be lost to the world, or wasted upon the *sixteen* or *eighteen* subscribers in "this town and vicinity," which comprises his list—as we stated that the Voice had nearly *double* the friends "who stooped so low as to patronize it," and he says we have acknowledged that we had but *thirty-two*.—We shall not cavil on this point having a great aversion to this *hair splitting* course which the Sentinel, from his purely *original* genius, has persued during this controversy; and as our first statement that the Voice had nearly double the circulation of the Sentinel, holds good, we are willing it should remain so whether it is "thirty-two" or less. The *Sentinel* still abounds in broad unqualified assertions respecting our "abuse of ministers and temperance men," which probably never would have entered his profound *cranium* had not good fortune sent along the *Natick Communication*, and we hope some one will furnish him with a little new material soon, as this is getting rather stale and thread bare. Upon the whole the Sentinel is becoming quite mild and bland; a few weeks ago we were more vile and worthless than the reptiles which crawl in the dust; but now he thinks there is a possibility of our becoming both *civilized* and *Christianized* if (an idea which smells rather strong of the Natick communication) we *expend* all our *reforming* abilities upon ourself. What a terrible fellow the *General* is with *words, letters* and *punctuations* when he gets other people's ideas through his hair; how he cuts back and forth and makes these *scurilous Voices whine like flogged curs*"—christianity and temperance must prosper with such a champion and defender.

For the Voice of Industry.

MR. EDITOR: As I have been invited to furnish something for the readers of your pleasent and useful "Voice," I thought it might interest them to learn that Lowell is onward.

True there is not the general interest manifested, that we should be glad to witness; but our cause is progressing, and a commendable degree of zeal among the friends of *true* liberty exists. The discussion going on about the Lowell Offering, has been useful, as an impetus to action, and the pretended friends of reform have had an opportunity to define their *true* position. The readers of the Offering have *generally* been able to decide where to find the Offering and its influence, but its publisher has settled the question if any doubt has existed.

It requires some moral courage to speak and act independently in Lowell, as those who have made the experiment, know full well. Those who possess a firm adherance to the good and true, whether approved or censured will not be turned aside by contumely or abuse in any form. Such are some of the friends of reform in Lowell.

There are many, *very many* here, who are prepared to allow others to think and act for them; and themselves be only the machines to give expression to the will and opinions of others.

If there is a state of servitude more servile than slavery itself, it is that to which I have alluded. A man who in addition to being a servant *physically* will be one *mentally*; has descended a little lower than any man could possibly descend who has a decent amount of self-respect.

We feel very much the need of a periodical here devoted to our cause. We are determined to speak here more clearly with your "Voice" in the future, and see if we cannot awaken a more general interest.

You will hear from us and be apprised of things in general and some things in particular every week. I will give you a brief sketch of our Union Meeting last week.

We appointed a committee of investigation for the purpose of tracing some of the false stories published in some of the papers of this city, and exposing them to the public. I trust if they had been appointed three months past, they would have had an abundance of material furnished them. You will hear from our committee in future.

We wish you much success in your efforts to be useful, and remain

Yours in the cause of humanity, OLIVA.

Lowell, August 1st, 1845.

LABOR REFORM.

BY VERITAS.

The question is often asked, What do those who belong to this association expect to accomplish? Answer: Tall trees from little acorns grow, and they expect to see grow out of this small beginning, a great and mighty blessing; even the liberation of millions from cruel bondage, to an equal footing with our aristocratic nabobs and slaveholders! They expect to be the humble means of planting the little acorn of individual right and individual independence, which will produce a tree whose leaves shall be for the healing of the domestic maladies and moral evils of community. They expect to open the eyes of the blind, who are now being led by the nose, whithersoever the monied few list; to unstop the ears of the deaf, who having ears hear not the death warrant in every bell which summons them to the different places of thirteen and sixteen hours' toil, there wearing out the very vital energies of nature, to the entire neglect of all that which distinguishes man from the brute creation, or constitutes him an intellectual moral being. They expect to awaken the minds of the worthy laborer to a sense of their own inherent powers—their capabilities for moral and intellectual improvement—their own worth and the high table land of promise which they are able to go up and possess!

They expect to give such an impetus to the spirit and progress of Reform, that after having set free the white slaves of the North, its influence shall cause the chains to fall from the groaning millions of colored brethren at the South! They expect and confidently hope to instil into the hearts of poor, but virtuous, worthy females, enough of that moral courage and independence of soul, which shall enable them to dare go in and out, even at a minister's front door, in whose pious family they labor faithfully and unremittingly. They expect to live until that time, when the workingmen and women of our republican nation will become the truly educated part of the people—combining the theoretical with the practical, the useful with the agreeable—thereby exhibiting in beauty and harmony the full developing of all those powers, both mental and physical, which give dignity and superior grace to the *whole being!* They hope to live and enjoy a better state of society, where virtue and honesty shall no longer be clothed as it now too often is, in rags, while vice and unblushing meanness rustles in silks and fine linen, and looks plain unsophisticated truth and honest integrity out of countenance! These are a few of the good things which they confidently hope and expect to see result from the united labors of the different associations formed throughout our land. God speed them on in their noble work. Let their motto with its deep, meaning tone and spirit pervade and animate every faculty of the great heart of associations! "Union for power—Power to bless Humanity."—*Vox Populi.*

Three factory agents met at the Swansent House in Exeter, week before last, all in pursuit of help. One from Salisbury, one from Newburyport, and the other from Saco. The Salisbury Company, we notice, have advertised for girls, and are willing to take those who are not acquainted with the business, and learn them. We are also informed that more than the usual number of girls are leaving Lowell this summer. If the corporations will raise the wages as high as they ought to be, they will have no trouble in procuring help. Many of the girls have left the mills on account of the low prices at which they would have been compelled to labor, had they remained, and we venture to predict that many more will leave for the same cause. But let the wages be raised, and they will return.—This plan of introducing learners, to prevent those who have learned from obtaining a fair compensation for their labor, will never work well. Corporations should 'deal justly,' if they wish to keep good, efficient help. They will lose more by the course they are now taking, than they would, had they risen the wages of the operatives three months ago, as they ought to have done.—*Wreath and Garland.*

MYSTERIOUS.—A little before sundown, on Wednesday afternoon, July 23, two young men drove up to Bedford Hotel, in great haste and apparently agitated, and stoped only long enough to get a shoe put on their horse and have him rubbed down, and then drove on.—Shortly after a pedlar drove up furiously, with his horse in a foam, and inquired after the young men; and on being told that they had gone, said that they had stopped and bought a silk handkerchief of him near Billerica, and paid him a five dollar bill, and received the change, some four dollars and fifty cents; that he found the bill was counterfeit and had driven back in pursuit of them. He hired a horse and wagon to go on, his own being unfit and saying he might follow them to Boston; and if so, should perhaps not return till the next morning. He drove off in pursuit. A man returning from Boston that evening met the two young men between Lexington and East Lexington walking, and one leading the horse, which had given out, and within half a mile he met the pedlar, driving at a rate that would soon have overtaken them. Since then, neither the men, the pedlar, the horse, or the wagons have been seen or heard of; and what renders it more strange, is the fact that the pedlar left at Bedford his own horse

and wagon, and a large quantity of goods and some twenty dollars in money, apparently more in value than the horse and wagon he hired. The names of neither party are known, and suspicions are rife that there has been foul play, and that the men may have disposed of the pedlar and decamped with the horse and wagon.

We find announced in the Lowell papers, a work entitled "Lowell as it was, and as it is," by the Rev. H. A. Miles, of that city, and regret much to learn from some notices of the work, that he has been disposed to gloss over the present system of manufacturing. It is lamentable that men who occupy such responsible stations in society, should be so blinded to the great source of evil, and the fruitful causes of man's misery and degradation. The great preacher to the gentiles, set us an example that is plain and intelligible, which needs no college education, or theological finish, to prepare the undertanding to receive it. The enlightened mind naturally perceives it, and the enlightened conscience feels it. "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Has our reverend friend been governed by this great principle of universal law and justice, while writing the work above referred to? Has love of popular favors, and the perverting effects of wealth and power had no influence over his pen? While asking divine blessings upon his bounteous repasts which were eaten in peace and leisure, has he thought of those whose *blessing* is the factory bell, and whose stomachs are the receptacles of half masticated food, and whose daily meditations and nightly dreams are visited with the horrors of indigestion, causing diseases, prostration and oftentimes premature death. While receiving his thousand dollars or upwards annually for his services, has he given a thought to those whose physical requirements are no less, and receive but seventy-five cents or one dollar per day, subject to lost time and misfortunes? These things should not be brooked, they are too true; and we should not be too sensative about investigating the subject. Should the work alluded to, come within our possession we shall notice it hereafter.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend."

The last weeks number of the Voice announced the death of our young friend and companion, Charles D. Marshall, of Nashville N. H. who has fallen an early victim to that fell destroyer, Consumption. Young Marshall was endowed with more than an ordinary amount of talent, and substantial worth—ardent, kind an benevolent; he was a warm friend, a liberal thinker, and frank and charitable in his intercourse with society around. We have often felt the influences of his cheerful disposition, in our moody and world-sick hours, upon our spirits; but he has gone—cut off in the midst of bright hopes and manhood's aspirations. Mr. Marshall had just entered upon the study of Medicine for which he had prepared himself through his own efforts, industry and perseverance, and to his hopeful anticipating mind the future promised many sunny joys and golden fruits.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Savior has died!"

THE OFFERING for August is before us in its usual neat and tasty form. We notice that the editorial articles are strongly imbued with Corporation flattery and praise; a disposition to cloak and shroud the evils of the present factory system, with the scanty garb of *apparent* good which hangs around it, is clearly visable. We quote the following to show the error that the fair editress has fallen into. In speaking of her factory life she remarks—

"She has never regretted this step—and those who think and speak of a factory life as the darkest lot, view it in a different light from that in which it has appeared to her. She could have earned a livelihood by her needle; but to do that she must *sit* at work as many hours as she would be confined in the mill. To teach a country school was to have a paltry pittance a few months in the year, and be destitute of employment the remainder of it. To write "silly stories" for a living was what she never dreamed of, though she possibly might have done it. For several years she labored at the loom 'unnoticed and unknown.'"

What does this show? that the factory system is better than it has been represented?—Surely not, but that other systems of labor are wrong. Because females are obliged to labor with the needle as many hours as they labor in the mills to gain a livelihood—teach school for a "paltry pittance, or write silly stories for a living," does not argue anything in favor of a factory life, that their are not wrongs in the system, or oppression in Lowell. The editress of the offering is only contrasting one bad feature of our system of labor, with others alike disastrious (though more limited and less powerful) to the prosperity of the females of our country and we think she must discover the fallacy of her reasoning after candid reflection.

It is said that the body, or rather skeleton, of a man was found on Sunday, by a young man in search of his cows, in the woods near Muddy pond, adjoining the Dedham turnpike. The skull did not show marks of violence.

A NEW DOG STORY.

A Brussels paper states that a nobleman lately, for a large wager, rode round the boulevard of that city, in a light two wheeled carriage, drawn by eighteen small Scotch terriers harnessed six abreast.—He drove them with whip and reins at full speed, followed by all the fashionable and sporting men of that city, accomplishing the task in thirty-three minutes. After it was over, the charioteer cooly released the dogs from their harness, wrapped each of them in a small blanket, and carefully laid them in his own carriage into which one of his grooms also stepped, and returned with them to his lordships residence. The nobleman himself walked home, having pocketed six hundred pounds by his feat.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

At a public meeting in New York, Rev. J. Spaulding dwelt a few moments on the nature and extent of moral influence. "Away among the Alleghanies," said he, "there is a spring so small that a *single ox on a summer's day could drink it dry*. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then, joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which obedient only to God, shall roll and roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with *moral influence*. It is a rill,—a rivulet,—an ocean—boundless as eternity."

AMERICAN COIN.—The N. Y. Republican says, "We are informed that since the new postages are rated in the denomination of federal money, the post office department has come to the conclusion to receive only American coin in payment for postage, or when desired to receive foreign coin to take it at its weight and value only, instead of its denomination as hitherto; and we learn that the post office in this city, will, on and after this day, 1st of August, require American currency, or where it is prefered, will receive Spanish fips, leves and quarters, as equal to only half dimes dimes and 23 cents of American.

INTEMPERANCE. A Mr. Woodman was drowned at Salisbury a few days since, having taken *a jug of rum* with him on a fishing excursion. His body was found at the bottom of the river, and the rum jug in the boat.—The murderer or murderers are at large.'

WET.—A hardy seaman who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks on our coast, was asked by a lady how he felt when the waves dashed over him? "*Wet*, madam, *very Wet*!"

"Here's the banisters, but cuss me if I can find the stairs," as the drunken fellow said when he walked round the bed post.

The number of houses built in Boston last year was 1625. In New York, 1213—in Philadelphia, 1512—in Cincinnati, 1228.

A lady with an infant in her arms stepped into Congress Hall, Philadelphia, the other day, and asked for a room, saying that her husband would soon arrive with her baggage. One was provided for her, which she entered and immediately rung the bell for the servant girl. The girl answered the call, when the lady requested her to hold the infant until she could step out and buy a pair of stockings; the servant took the child, and the mother has not been seen since.

Fight fairly when you do fight; but altogether the better way is not to fight at all, unless you can have the first strike and can run a mile inside of four minutes.

LIBEL SUITS.—Mr. Jacob Currier, a reporter for the Daily Bee, has sued Mr. Snelling, editor and publisher of the "Cactus," for a libel. He has also sued Mr. Brainard, the agent, and one or two newspaper dealers, for selling the "Cactus,"—laying his damages in each case, we believe, at $5000, and holding Messrs, Brainard and Snelling to bail. The matter charged as libelous was contained in the last Cactus.—*Daily Mail.*

The Palmer Manufacturing Company have declared a semi-annual dividend of *fifteen per cent.* This is moderate, quite moderate—only *thirty* per cent per annum. Capital is not superior to labor, is it?—*Vox Populi*

BOY DROWNED.—Thomas Pressey, a son of Mr. Thomas W. Pressey, grocer, on Middlesex st., was drowned about eight o'clock this morning, in the Pawtucket Canal, opposite the Eagle House, Middlesex street. In company with another boy he had gone into the water to bath, and not being a good swimmer, he was born beyond his depth by the strength of the current. His body had not been found when this paragraph was penned.—[Lowell Courier.

SUDDEN DEATH. We learn that William Cline a laborer in the factory, at West Windham, N. H., was yesterday instantly killed while at work on the premises, having been caught by the belt and carried between the main drum and the floor.—[Lowell Courier.

☞ As the Sentinel is undoubted authority, our *ignorance* wishes to enquire what kind of grammer the following may be called.

"On Saturday last, the keeper of that pestilential nuisance, the "Old City" rum-shop, were brought up on a charge of being common sellers of intoxicating drinks, in violation of the laws."—*Sentinel.*

Wonder if this isn't "murdering the Queen's English?"

The Small Pox has made its appearance at Fall River. Five cases at present are known.

GEORGE SMITH, a lad of eighteen, residing at Bethual Green, in trying experiments in hanging, actually killed himself. The youth was an acquaintance of Topping (a culprit recently executed,) saw him hung, and had since been very curious to ascertain what hanging was like. This was literally *dying of curiosity*.

The Norridgewock Press says:— 'Vegetation of all kinds along upon the banks of the Kennebec, looks extremely promising. Hay is likely to turn out as abundant as last year. Grass has made very rapid improvement within the last two weeks. A good deal has been injured, however, by the late rains.'

A passenger in the Cambria describes the poverty and destitution among the lower classes in England, especially in the manufacturing districts, as frightful beyond estimation or description—while the pomp, luxury and magnificence, on the other hand, of the aristocratic orders are represented as verging to the other extreme.

PEOPLEING THE LAND.—It is stated that the amount of money received at the Green Bay, Wisconsin, Land Office, during the month ending June 36th, for private entries, was 15. 901 45 !! And the amount received for the same purpose during the quarter just end is $40,000! Full nine-tenths is immediately occupied by eastern emigrant.s

A traveller who had put up at an inn in a town where a great fair was held, called for his boots in the morning. The servant produced a pair which had evidently seen hard service and gave him.

"These are not my boots," cried the traveller, "mine were real new one's."

"Lord help thee" replied the servant, "all the new boots have been gone this hour."

TEMPERANCE IN LOWELL.—The Lowell Courier says that Dr. Jewett lectured to a full house in Lowell, on Sunday Evening on Temperance. After he concluded, one hundred and nineteen persons signed the pledge. A week ago Sunday night he gave a lecture, and obtained one hundred and twenty-five signers to the pledge. This looks well.

A late Paris paper says: M. Daguerre is said to have made a discovery almost as wonderful as that to which his name has been given. It consists of a process by which he can give to a young tree in three months the same developements as in a state of nature as many years. This is done by a sort of grafting near the root.

A burglar broke into an insurance office the other night, and not finding much in the way of funds, wrote a strong article against all corporations, and left it on the President's desk.

The barn belonging to Mr. Joseph Eastman of Hollis, N. H. was entirely destroyed by fire, on Friday night of the eighth inst., together with its entire contents valued at $500. The fire is supposed to have been the work of incendiarism.

☞ We are requested to give notice, that J. B. GOUGH, the celebrated champion of temperance, will visit this place next Tuesday, to wake up the sleeping drones in this reform, with which this place abounds. Notice of time and place will be duly given.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All those who wish to transact business with our Association, are informed that Mr. Sanford Sawyer, has been chosen Agent, in place of Samuel Walton resigned, and is the only person authorized to receipt for Subscriptions of stock, and attend to the general business of the concern.

NOTICE.

THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION, at South Boston, holds its regular meetings every Thursday Evening, at the "Bank Hall," on 4th street, near the "South free bridge," and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Libray $2,00 a year, for Gentlemen, one dollar, for Ladies. A relief fund is also attached to the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

MARRIAGES.

In Lowell, July 24, Mr. Uriah B. Russell, and Miss Betsey Greenough, both of L. Also, Aug. 2 Mr. John S. Richardson, to Miss Abigail G. Wilkins, both of L.

In this town, July 31, by Rev. Mr. Tracy, Mr. Stephen Devine, to Miss Sally A. Leland.

Again has our Editor returned to his labors, after being absent a short time for the purpose of getting recruited, and we were not a little surprised to find, that with all his gettings, he has got a WIFE! as the following notice will testify. [The cake was truly rich and of the *wright* kind.]—*Printer.*

In Hollis, N. H., August 5th, by the Rev. Phinehas Richardson, W. F. YOUNG to Miss SARAH A. WRIGHT, of Hollis.

DEATHS.

In this town, August 5, Mrs Eunice, wife of William Carter, aged 56 years.

Aug. 5, Mrs. Mary, wife of James Wilder, late from Vernon, Vt., aged 23.

Aug. 8, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Walton, aged 29.

Aug 2, of Chronic Inflamation of the Stomach, Mrs. Lucretia H. Torrey, aged 55.

LEVERETT & CO.
AT THE FITCHBURG CLOTH & CLOTHING STORE,
No. 13, Cheap Side,

HAVE now on hand, the *Largest Assortment* of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND SATTINETS, by one half, ever offered in this Vicinity. We have recently made large additions to our Stock, and now offer it at a very small advance from cost. Our assortment of HEAVY WOOLLENS especially, is full and complete; and those *who purchase by the yard*, as well as those who wish to have them made up into Garments in the latest and most *approved* style, will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of every style of GARMENTS known, Manufactured by us, especially for our *own trade*, and better made and trimed, and cut with more taste, than is usually found in *Clothing Stores*, and now offered to all who wish to get a *First Rate Garment*, for a small sum of money.

Furnishing Goods in Great Variety.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT, will need no comment. We pledge ourselves to furnish as good Fits—Work and Trimmings, as can be produced in this country. We have first rate workmen in our employ, and every facility for getting up a first rate Garment. To our old Friends, we shall always be at home and ready to fit them out in our usual *Good Style and Low Prices*. Those who have not favored us with their patronage, are invited to call and examine our stock, as we are confident they can make a saving of a handsome per centage, by so doing.

Fitchburg, August 14, 1845. n12tf.

FITCHBURG ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this INSTITUTION, will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 3d of SEPTEMBER next, and continue Eleven weeks.

MISS LUCY BROWN and MISS MARY E. SHELDEN, will assist in the Female Department.

Tuition.

Common English Branches,	$3,00
Higher English do.	4,00
Languages,	5,00

BOARD in good families on reasonable terms. A few scholars can be accommodated with rooms to board themselves.

For particulars see hand-bills, or refer to J. R. GAUT, Principal.

Fitchburg, Aug. 7, 1845.

Book and Job Printing, neatly executed at the Voice of Industry Office, No. 11, Snow's Block

HANDBILLS,	BOOKS,
SHOWBILLS,	PAMPHLETS,
SHOPBILLS,	CATALOGUES,
SHOEBILLS,	JUSTICE'S BLANKS,
LABELS,	BALL TICKETS,
TAXBILLS,	CARDS,
WAYBILLS,	CIRCULARS,

and every variety of LETTER PRESS PRINTING, With entirely new Materials, and on the most reasonable Terms.

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURES, Taken by E. Goddard. At Rooms, in Torrey & Wood's New Block.

LADIES and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens. Patronage respectfully solicited.

Fitchburg, July 24, 1845.

Dr. L. Adams, SURGEON DENTIST, *Fitchburg Mass.* *OFFICE IN SNOW'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST.* ☞ All operations warranted.

S. & C. SHEPLEY, DEALERS IN Books, Stationery & Cheap Publications, *At Torrey & Wood's new Block.*

HENRY J. LOWE, DEALER IN GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, RICH JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, &c., &c. ☞ Repairing done in the best manner, at short notice. Fitchburg, Mass.

E. F. BAILEY, Bookbinder, Stationer & Bookseller, No. 6, MERCHANT'S ROW, Fitchburg, Mass.

HOWARD'S Fashionable Hairdressing & Shaving Saloon, IN WOOD & TORREY'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST. *Fitchburg, Mass.*

WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER, *Published every Saturday* By Clement & Faxon, No. 113 Main Street, Buffalo, New-York.

TERMS.—To Mail Subscribers $1,50 per annum, in advance. Four copies for $5,00. Eight copies for $8,00, and Eleven copies for $10,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail Subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

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BOOK STORE AND BINDERY.—E. F. BAILEY, would give notice to the inhabitants of Fitchburg and vicinity, that he has taken the Stand formerly occupied by P. A. Crocker, and now offers for sale a general assortment of School and Miscellaneous Books, and Stationery. Blank Books manufactured to order, and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

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Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf.

REMOVAL.—DR. ADAMS, SURGEON DENTIST, has taken rooms at No. 12, Snow's Brick Block, where he will be happy to wait upon all those who are in need of his services. He would also tender his sincere thanks to those who have bestowed upon him their favors, hopeing he shall merit a continuation of the same.

Teeth examined gratis, at the sign of the Golden Tooth.

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Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf.

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NEW BOOKS.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, have just received from New York Trade Sale and other sources, a large quantity of School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other Book Store in Worcester County.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf

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FOR 1845.

PROSPECTUS FOR VOL. VII. OF THE American Phrenological Journal

TO reform and perfect man—to bring out by culture the original beauties and capabilities of his nature, are objects the most exalted that can possible engross humanity. But, to do this either effectually or correctly, that nature must be known, and as Phrenology is the science of human nature, and especially of man's intellectual and moral constitution, it evolves all the elementary principles of his nature—thereby embodying all the laws of his being, all the conditions of happiness, and all the causes of all his sufferings, as well as of all the evils that afflict society; and all this so plain that "he that runs may read," and so beautiful as to excite our highest admiration. It also furnishes the only true test and touch-stone by which to try every doctrine and practice of the age, and indeed, of all past and all coming—every theory of society, every question of ethics, of morals, of logic, of equity, and even of religious creeds and practices; for, by devolving fully and clearly the primitive nature and constitution of man, and that in all its ramifications, it arranges, before the tribunal of that nature, every thing appertaining to man; approving whatever conflicts therewith.

The accompanying numbers of this periodical, as well as its three last volumes, will serve as samples of its future course, excepting that the following important departments will be added.

1st that of Physiology. Though, for several years, the Journal has contained more or less physiological fact and information, yet its space has been too much occupied otherwise to give that full attention to the exposition and enforcing of the laws of animal life, including the value of health and the means of regaining and preserving it, which their importance demands. To know and obey these laws, lies at the basis of all human improvement and happiness; for, be it remembered, that life and health depend thereon, and on them depend all our pleasures, whether mental or physical. Even intellectual attainments and moral progression must be accompanied by physiological, especially cerable, improvement. The connection of Physology with mentality—the different states of body as inducing their corresponding states of mind—have been almost completely overlooked, even by Phrenologists themselves.

Our talents, our virtues, our vices, our mental and moral progression, depend more upon what, how and when, we eat, drink, sleep, labor, bathe, &c.—upon our physical habits and physiological condition—than most people suppose. The plain fact is, few people know how to eat! or sleep! or breathe! or live! If they did sickness would be unknown, and sin comparatively banished from our world. Those physiological conditions, therefore, which affect mind and morals, will be freely discussed in this volume.

2nd. That of Animal Magnetism, or the vital principle. So indissolubly is this science connected with both Phrenology and Physiology, that neither should ever be pursued without the other. At least every student of the latter sciences who prosecutes his investigations unguided by the light of this new star of human science, but gropes his way in comparative darkness. Surprisingly beautiful and philosophical, as well as rich in lessons of health and happiness, are the discoveries evolved by applying magnetism to phrenological and physiological investigations. And surely, as a remedial agent, this application exceeds, and will eventually superscede, all others. Aware of no work or periodical which covers this most interesting, most important field of human inquiry, the Editor intends to occupy it, at least, partially, in this volume.

3d. A department devoted to woman. To improve her, is to benefit the human race, whilst her degeneracy detoriates it. Female education—nearly every thing appertaing to her—is now effecting her ruin as fast as the rapid flight of time will allow. Long enough has her vanity been inflated with the gaudy, the artificial, and the fashionable. Too long already, have her exquisite sensibilities been perverted, and the beauties and graces of her nature been converted either into play-things—mere toys for man to sport with—or else prostituted at the shrine of the worst of human passions. Infinitely more perfect, more prolific than any human thing ever yet beheld by mortals, are the natural charms and beauties of the female charactrr. But, they have yet to be brought out. To do this effectually, her nature and capabilities must be known, These, her Phrenology and Physiology will reveal; in doing which they will also disclose her true sphere, and her consequent duties. To this eventful subject—and none can be more prolific of good to man—will a portion of this volume be dedicated. Nor will mothers, in their distinctive relations as mothers, be neglected,

Those at all acquainted with the Editor's style of writing or lecturing, will readily comprehend his manner of treating these and other subjects that come appropriately within the wide range of phrenological, physiological and magnetic science. Our field is indeed the world. Not only is it already ripe for the harvest, but it is becoming corrupted and all overgrown with the tares of uncleanliness and the thistle of sin. To receive the good into vessels, will be the object of every successive number of this work. Those, therefore, who drop tears of sorrow over fallen humanity, or who would lend a helping hand to its restoration, may perhaps do good as effectually by circulating this work as in any other way; for its pages will embody both the seeds and the crop of all reform.—Human improvement and happiness are designed to be inscribed on its page, its every line.

Nor, in this long line of subjects, will the practical department of phrenological science—its principles, its facts its philosophy, or information requisite for furthering the progress of amateurs, be neglected.

And since nothing—neither the acquisition of any species of knowledge, nor the possession of any form of degree of wealth, or honor, or any possession whatever—can as effectually benefit, or as deeply interest, every member of the human family, as will that knowledge of our nature imparted by Phrenology, which renders it the science for "the million;" and since it is proper and desirable that a monthly Journal, devoted to this science, should be accessible to all—to the poor as well as to the rich, to the illiterate, as well as to the scientific—this Journal will be furnished on the following extremely low

TERMS.

It will be issued in monthly numbers of 32 pages each, at $1 for a single copy; or three copies for $2; for nine copies for $5; or 20 copies for $10.

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COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of HAYWARD & BACON; and have taken the store recently occupied by the late firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, whee they intend to keep a lage assortment of fashionable BOOTS & SHOES, of every description which will be sold low for cash—wholesale and retail, No. 4, Merchants' Row.

HORACE HAYWARD,
RANSELLEAR BACON.

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Evening Mirror.

FIFTY-ONE YEARS AGO,

OR, THE WANDERINGS OF AN EMIGRANT.

New-York, June 16, 1845.

Fifty-one years ago to-day, friend Morris, I stepped on shore at Governeur's wharf. New York contained about fifty thousand inhabitants. Dutch houses, Dutch manners, Dutch words, Dutch men, and Dutch lasses were then much in vogue. I noticed that a great majority of the vessels advertised were bound for Amsterdam and Rotterdam; but few went to Liverpool or London. The "Fear," (now Washington) market was supplied principally from Haverstraw, Hackensack, Bergen, and Communipaw, and unless you could talk a reasonable quantity of Dutch, it was unnecessary to go to the market. 'Paus' and 'pinster' were then universally observed. Boys and negroes, young men and old men, 'boss'-mechanics, and all sorts of people, might be seen the live long day, standing idle in the market-place, laughing, joking, and cracking eggs. In the afternoon, the grown up apprentices and servant girls used to dance on the green, in Bayard's farm in the Bowery.

I had a conversation the other day with an old friend, about the men and manners of fifty years ago.

'Fifty years since,' said he, 'I was in my seventeenth year, an apprentice to a rush-bottom chair maker—(a craft not much known at the present day.) The boys used to save their month's wages, so as to have a frolic at paus. I have laid aside fifteen dollars for this purpose, but, being told, during the week before the holiday, that 'lots' were selling out of town—where Leonard street now is—for that sum, I resolved to purchase one, and forego the pleasure of the frolic. I was, however, waited on about three o'clock in the afternoon of paus day, and persuaded to go to the Bowery, and, before ten at night,' continued the old gentleman. 'I had danced away a lot now worth three thousand dollars.'

In those days women were satisfied with the *shape* in which God had made them, and did not seek to improve it by artificial means.—Nature was then consulted—now *art* holds undisputed sway; then there were no corsets, nor stays, nor (what do you call them?) *bustles*? Then *men* (!) and *women* were not, as now, braced up with whale-bone, steel springs, brass springs, iron-wire and splinters from the hickory tree, (just as a sailor would fix a mast that is ready to give away in a storm!) Then, the women could breathe freely, and the lungs have room to play. Now, the back-bone is nearly squeezed to the breast! When they laugh or talk loud, they lose their breath and are almost ready to faint. The consequence is, that in almost every street we have the doctor the undertaker, and the grave-digger, living and growing fat on the folly and vanity of men-and-women-kind.

At the time I am speaking, there was only one doctor in New York, who 'kept a gig.'—That was the venerable Dr. Charlton. Now the medical gentlemen sport about like nabobs. At that period St. Paul's steeple and the City Hotel were being erected, I forged the nails which now hold the slates and roof of the latter building. It was the first roof that was covered with slate in America.

There came a man to work in our shop by the name of Williams. He brought with him from England a nice little woman for a wife, and also two young children. Williams was a genuine radical of the 'new school'—could talk long and loud about the 'perfectability of human nature'—the 'power of the mind'—and the 'sound sense of the people,' who had the capacity to convert this world of ours into a Paradise. He was soon taken up by the pure republicans of the day, and honored with a seat in the wigwam, by the side of Burr, Fellows, and other philosophers of the French school. Such an honor, heaped upon the head of an English Manchester journeyman blacksmith, nearly turned his brain.

Soon after this event there appeared in our streets a blind man, who was either born so, or had lost his sight by the visitation of Divine Providence. His name was Palmer. He was a preacher of Infidelity. His church was the Assembly room in William street, which stood where Cedar was opened a few years ago.

When Williams sailed from England he brought with him a large quantity of ana-baptist divinity, both in his head and in his chest of books. For some months he seemed to act in accordance with his professions. Every Sabbath he went with his wife and children to hear the preaching of that eminent divine the Rev. Dr. Foster, in the Baptist chapel in Gold street; but he was soon led away by some of the hoary headed philosophers to the 'Temple of Reason' to hear the preaching of Palmer—that blind leader of the blind. He drank deeply of the cold and cheerless waters of that well of despair—and shortly after proclaimed himself a thorough deist. Now the church bell chimed no more for him and his. His wife sat at home like the mother of desolation on the mount of misery—his children wandered through the bye-ways and high-ways of the town like sheep without a shepherd—while he himself descended into some wretched tavern to deal out, under the sanction of the sacred name of liberty, death and deism to his grasping companions.

Williams was an excellent workman, and he was the first man who made a coach spring in New York. Previously to his entering the den of death in William street, he had commenced business on his own account, and was in a thriving way. Now every thing went wrong with him. In his eagerness to propagate his new doctrines he neglected his bellows and his business—his affairs went to decay, and he removed to the upper part of the city penny less and friendless.

I had not seen him for some years, when, one morning, he came to my store about eleven o'clock. He asked me for a quarter of a dollar to purchase something to eat.

'Williams,' said I, 'has it come to this with you? Have you no friend—no child?'

'I have neither friend nor child in the world to help me,' was the sad reply.

This occurred in the early part of June. I was then doing business in the Friend's (late) meeting-house in Liberty street. The appearance of the place, and the season of the year made every thing look like a garden which the Lord had blessed. My three sons were behind the counter waiting upon the customers. I asked Williams about his children, and called them all by name. Some were dead—some had gone away, he knew not where, and all boys and girls, had turned out good for nothing.

'Williams,' said I, 'there are my three children—they never gave me a pang in all their lives. No neighbor ever brought a complaint against them. They are the staff of my age. We are old acquaintances, and your children and mine grew up together—they were next door neighbors. Why should your children be so different from mine?'

'How can I tell?' replied he.

'Do you remember, Williams, said I, 'the day you brought your Bible, your Gospel Magazines and your huge volumes of Baptist divinity into our workshop, that you laid them on the fire and began to blow the bellows. I interposed and bought them all from you for three dollars, to save them from the flames.—I told you, then, that you would ruin your children in this world, whether there was another world or not. You remember this?'

'I do,' was his reply.

'Was I not right then? You sent your children forth into the streets where they were exposed to every evil. I led mine to church, where, if the sermon did them no good, it kept them from mischief. You exposed your children to evil example.' I kept mine under my own eye until they were old enough to judge and reason for themselves.'

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE HERMIT.

The Camden Mail of this week reveals a remarkable case of life and death in that vicinity on Sunday last—an English gentleman Richard Bickford Holge, aged about 35 years. The Mail gives this account of him;

"This gentleman recently came into the neighborhood, to settle, where he had purchased a small farm. He was an Englishman by birth, and was evidently a man of education, who had mingled with good society.—He had no family, lived entirely alone, with the exception of his dog, and shunned all intercourse with those near him. On Friday last he was taken sick, and to the offer of a neighbor to administer to his wants, he returned a most decided negative. He peremtorily rejected all proffered aid, and insisted upon paying for any and every little act of kindness. During Friday he made out to reach his next neighbor's house, with a note which he wished conveyed to a farmer a mile or two distant, with whom he had been much less reserved. This farmer came to his assistance, and called in Dr Cooper on Sunday. The Dr. found Mr. H. in the cellar of his house, upon some straw, laboring under much mental excitement, and a monomania that he was pursued by individuals from England who were at the time infusing deadly gasses into the surrounding atmosphere with intent to destroy him!—In other respects he appeared to be sane, conversing with the Dr. in a connected and intelligent manner. The Dr. did not think him in imminent danger, although quite a sick man, and left him, intending to call the next day.—In the evening, about 7 o'clock, he died! the friend he had sent for and his wife being alone present.

Thus dying so suddenly, a stranger, away from relatives and friends, it was deemed advisable to hold an inquest upon the body. Accordingly, the coroner, Mr. Porter, called a jury at the house on Monday morning, who decided that he died from natural causes.—The coroner also took possession of the deceased's property, which consisted of a collection of choice and valuable books, an extensive and elegant wardrope, a considerable sum of ready money, together with various articles of ornament and personal comfort indicative of a degree of intelligence and refinement totally at variance with his late course and anchoristic habits of life. His house was destitute of a bed, bedstead, and almost every other article of the commonest necessity. His farm, on which he had lived since March, is bearing a luxuriat crop of weeds, he having neither horse or cow, spade or hoe, refusing all application either for its cultivation or improvement! He stated before his decease, that he had neither relative or friend in this country. He came originally from Devonshire, and had a brother and two sisters in England.

The Character of Aaron Burr.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

If Blennerhasset had been the only person ruined by Burr, in the prosecution of his enterprises, charity would suggest a burial of our remembrance of the Exile's desolation. But the victims of Burr are to be numbered by hundreds. The base and the peaks of society, alike, show the scathing mark of his fiery visitation.

He cherished no friendship; he returned unhonored the drafts of gratitude; he kindled by the very fireside of hospitality, the flame of lust, and felt little pleasure in bidding adieu to the *Lares* of his host, until the dearest that flourished in there sacred shadows were sacrificed.* The man's whole being centered on the pivot of selfishness. But of the affection which he manifested toward his daughter, his self moral merits seems to have been courage and coolness; and yet, clustering as were the laurels which they wedded to his brow, his baser passions so predominated, that he held it more glorious to seduce a woman† that to glitter in the field of letter, to scale the steps of philosophy, or to wave a banner victoriously in battle.

He courted the man to corrupt his wife—the statesmen to profit by his influence—the millionaire to obtain his money—and the world to gratify his desires. He was the more dangerous from the possession of an intellect massive, piercing, and brilliant, united to a frame at once handsome and vigorous. His mind was but the keen and resistless weapon with which his passion hewed a way to conquest. That weapon was Protean. But few could escape its ever changing attack. If the victim fully came under the gaze of an eye—whose sharp light resembling lightning imprisoned and for ever playing in the cloud black as night—he was lost. Burr's conversation was irrisistable fascinating, for his hand swept every chord of the human harp. He strewed the rosy paths of the happy with flowers of a still brighter hue; he arched the troubled sky of the desponding with a rain-bow of hope; he conjured up before the rapt vision of the avaricious mountains of gold, and to aspiring, he pointed out the shadowy vistas of glory.

Thus he stood gifted, unprincipled, ruthless and terrible. The want of fortune alone prevented his presenting in one lurid, dreadful, and overwhelming mass, that EVIL which he accomplished but to successfuly in many details. Chance confined to valleys, comparatively humble, a tempest which only waited for a release to devastate continents.

It may be asked,—"Is not his valor on the battle fields of his country, to be remembered?" The answer must be—"Yes!" That was a redeeming trait. No matter from what motive his military talents were exercised, our land reaped some benefit. But there are many persons who will doubt the real patriotism of one, who was so ready to forswear his allegiance,‡ who trampled on so much that was sacred, and who held even his exploits against tyranny as less glorious than the moral destruction of a human being.

Age is expected to subdue: but w4th Burr, the winter of time brought no snows to cool the lava of passion. At four score and six, the crater wore a glow as ardent as at twenty. His faculties mocked at a century.

Age should bring the soothing balm of religion, to enable the barque which has been tossed by the storms of life, to prepare for a worthy entrance into the sea of another world. Burr died as he had lived, practically an atheist.

Age should bring respect: Burr died as he had lived, without the regard of the good. His hoary hairs went down to the grave floating on the breeze of infamy.

In cunning an Iago; in lust a Tarquin; in patience a Cataline; in pleasure a Sybarite; in gratitude a Malay, and in ambition a Napoleon, he affords the world an awful example of powerful intellect, destitute of virtue. His portrait would fitly appear in a circle of Dante's Inferno.

Let no one accuse me of stepping with unsandalled feet, through the solemn vaults of the sepulchre. Aaron Burr belongs to history. *Such was the lot he chose.*

*He seduced the wife and daughter of the man who gave him shelter after the duel with Hamilton.

†His own assertion.

‡He wished to claim his rights as a british subject when in London. Lord Liverpool rejected the offer with contempt.

MARRIED OR SINGLE? During a recent pleasure excursion to Whiteston, of the teachers of the Methodist Sunday schools of New York city, there was an unexpected occurance on board the boat, which produced quite a sensation. In mere joke, as they thought, a gentleman and lady were married—the whole service of the Episcopal Church being gone through with by one of the ministers on board. After the congratulations were over, the lady thought it time the farce should end, when she was told it was no farce at all! The bridegroom was delighted, and handing the clergyman a ten dollar note, demanded and recieved his certificate. The bride refused to acknowledge the validity of the tie. When the boat arrived in the evening, the gentleman stepped ashore to get a carriage; going back to the boat he found his wife had run away, and he immediately started in pursuit, declaring he would find her.—We have not ascertained how it has ended.

The debt of Texas is about four millions. Her ungranted public lands are worth twenty

A HORRIBLE CHASE.—The Ladies' National Magazine of July, edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, contains the following thrilling account of a family, a mother and her children being chased by wolves:

A few years ago, toward the close of a winter's day, a mother and her children were travelling in Canada behind a one horse sledge. Suddenly from a forrest, by which they were passing, issued a gang of wolves. It was a terrible moment when the mother first beheld these ravenous animals in full pursuit behind her; but she knew the only hope was in the superior swiftness of her horse, and so she retained sufficient presence of mind to urge him forward at the top of his speed. The noble animal seemed aware of his danger; he snorted violently on hearing the howl of the wolves and dashed ahead at a frightful pace. On came the hungry animals, and fast fled the affrighted horse. Miles were soon passed over, but miles of trackless waste yet remained before the travellers would reach the first village.

Meantime the wolves gained on the fugitives. The mother clasped her babes closer to her bosom, as the howling animals came up, and running almost at the side of the sledge, threatning every moment, to drag her and her little ones down, but the terrified horse now seemed to gain supernatural speed, and on he dashed with great fury, snorting with affright. For awhile the wolves were left in the rear; but his speed soon slackened and they gained on the sledge. The horrible idea now occurred to the mother of throwing over one of her children, and thus staying for awhile the pursuit, for she had heard of such an alternative having once been resorted to.—She urged on the horse again, and once more he sprang ahead and increased the distance between her and the wolves. Thus for another hour she continued, the prey of alternate despair and hope. Now she seemed in the jaws of death—now an almost preternatural exertion of speed on the part of the horse gave her a momentary respite.

At length the village was in sight. But horrible to relate, at this moment she heard a crack as if the sledge had given away. The runner had broke; she surrendered herself to despair. Through the fast gathering night she caught a view of the farm-house on the out-skirts of the village. To die thus in sight of safety was terrible. She looked up once more; they were now close to the village.—The inhabitants, by this time, had become alarmed; but the wolves kept up their pursuit to the very gate of the farm-house, and yielded their expected prey slowly and sullenly.

The sledge, on examination, was found to be so much injured that it would inevitably have broken down before another mile. An escape like this surpasses anything in fiction.

A good story is told in the Philadelphia Eagle, of a landlord, who finding that the refrigerator in his yard, in which he was accustomed to put woodcocks and other niceities for cool keeping, was occasionally opened, and choice things abstracted, substituted one night some big snapping turtles for the smaller game, and then watched the result. In due time the epicurian thief arrived, lifted the lid, quietly inserted his hand in the accustomed spot, and lo! it was instantly gripped by a snapper. The marauder roared with pain, the snapper held on, and the landlord on the watch roared with laughter, till finally having by exclamations, 'I've caught him, I've caught him,' collected his boarders, he led them into the yard, and there they found the wo-begone epecurian philosopher with the snapping turtle still at the end of his finger! It was only by cutting off the head of the captor, that the captive, well admonished, was released.

As grease preserves a duck from the wet, so does sobriety of deportment preserve a woman from temptation.

The steamship Cambria, on her late passage out, made the shortest trip on record—*ten days and sixteen hours.*

A gentleman from Texas, now in Europe, writes that a colony of 15,000 Swiss are preparing to leave their country, and settle in Texas this fall.

A writer on swearing, says that an oath from a woman's lips is unnatural and incredible; he would as soon expect a bullet from a rose-bud!

The new City of Essex on the Merrimack is to be commenced on the Methuen side of the river. The engineers are at work, laying out sites for factories, &c.

A certain poet sings of the "*dark eyed* maidens of the south." We grant him that the farther south he gets, the more numerous the *dark*-IES become.

ARISTOCRACY.—A cotemporary truly says: Which of our aristocratic families can look back a few years, without encountering the ghost of some worthy mechanic? How many of the fortunes, which now inspire their possessors with giddy notions, have been earned by the trowell, the jackplane, over the counter of some inconsiderable shop, or by some other humble means. Yet their successors are too proud to own their humble origin; and like the most of those who do nothing, to lift their families from the dust, are the most pertinacious of their spurious aristocracy.

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Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

The terms of the "Messenger" are invariably in advance, no paper being continued beyond the period paid for.

By a provision of the new law, which takes effect in July, all persons residing within thirty miles of the place of publication, can receive the Messenger by mail, free of postage.

Papers copying this, or giving its substance in editorial form, will receive a free exchange by sending us a paper containing it.

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W. HINDS.
Fitchburg June, 1845. n5tf.

SCHOOL RECORD.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, FITCHBURG, have published and offer for sale a School Record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in this record for entering the NAME of each scholar, and the presence, absence, or tardiness for each half day.—Also, the character of his recitations and deportment.
Fitchburg, May 1845. n1tf.

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FOULNESS of COMPLEXION,
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PURIFY THE BLOOD,
And thus remove all disease from the system.

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☞ Prepared and sold by
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